Ballad of Robin

In London lived a fine young boy

Who had been left alone.

His mother had gone to serve the Queen.

To war his father had gone.

A young boy got sick

He had no fellow.

No one was there for him

To take of him so he mellowed.

He was taken to a monastery

Where he could heal.

He lived with the monks,

The monks that served him meals.

Alas a great mission had come to him

And with grave danger it came.

He came close to a Welsh soldier,

But stupidity was the boy’s game.

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